

CLEANS OF WATER

Could not have washed  
away PILATE'S SIN.

THE

ARE YOU A TIME-SERVER, or will you stand  
by the truth AT ALL COSTS?

# WAR

# CRY



VOL. XII. No. 49

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.

TORONTO, SEPT. 5, 1896

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.

Price 2 Cents.

THE • SACRIFICE • OF • PRINCIPLE • TO • SELF-INTEREST.



When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it . . . Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered Him to be crucified.

—Matt. xxvii. 24 and 26



# WALTER SLINGSBY'S REPENTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE SOCIAL  
GAZETTE.

## I. The Local Preacher.

It was a fine summer's evening. The little village lay bathed in the last mellow rays of the setting sun, and the lowly cottagers, clad in their Sunday best, gently strolled home past the "Green Man" and over the rustic bridge, where the blue forget-me-nots grew by the rippling stream.

John Dines, the ploughman, a stalwart son of the soil, reached his little cot, and fetching a red Windsor chair into the little paradise of red roses and China asters in his front garden, sat silently for ten minutes or so, eventually remarking, casually:

"A clever lad, yon parson chap, eh, father?"

"Father" was a white-headed, but vigorous and shrewd old party, who lived with his son, and was wont to regard Sunday evening, after service, as a sort of opportunity for debating. If he had been born thirty years later he might have been a county councillor; as it was, he managed to earn an existence as a poor shepherd. These two sat and discussed the sermon and the preacher until the dusk had fallen behind the hills, and the dark clouds gathered up for rain.

"Best get to bed, lad," said the old man, as he turned towards the door and shouldered his chair. "There must be up by four to work Hundred Acre Field, as they call it; but, see, there's the preacher comin' down from behind the hills, and the dark clouds gathered up for rain."

"Best get to bed, lad," said the old man, as he turned towards the door and shouldered his chair. "There must be up by four to work Hundred Acre Field, as they call it; but, see, there's the preacher comin' down from behind the hills, and the dark clouds gathered up for rain."

"Evening, sir," said the Dines, simultaneously.

"To look that poorly," said the old man, "just try a drop of my cowslip wine; rare thing for the stummick minter."

Slingsby murmured an assent, and the doctress, a sort of hereditary famous among rural circles, was forthcoming in a brown jug.

"Drink it up, sir, 't'll do ye a vast o' good."

The old man bent forward, and caught a scent of Slingsby's breath.

"Good Lord," he muttered, "the poor brack's been goin' to the devil, I can smell my coat; I'm goin' to walk down road w' Mr. Slingsby; mebbe I'll see him home, Good Lord," he repeated, "it's brandy, sure enough."

## II.—The Ruined Home.

"Where's dada?" said little Maud the little blue-eyed three-year-old.

"Won't be home soon from the chapel, mamma?"

"Yes, Maud, darling. I expect he's coming down the lane by now; but it's so late, and you ought to be in bed with Dora, you know."

"But you promised I should sit up for papa to-night, because it's my birthday, didn't you, mamma?"

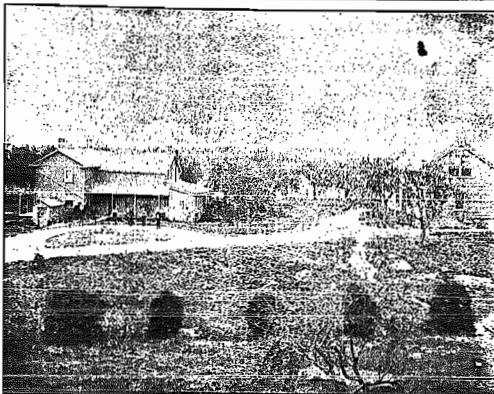
"Yes, darling. I'm — Why, who is that with him?"

"That's Maud Slingsby, sit ye down! And now I'll say good-night, mum, not wishing to intrude, and havin' to rise early in the mornin', ye understand."

He went down the path, and closed the gate, and Bertha Slingsby faced her miserable husband. By degrees the latter came round to sensibility, and went maudlin tears of repentance.

"Walter," said his wife, "we must have an end of this, 'an we an end of this dreadful secret can be kept no longer; that man is bound to speak about your condition, and your position is certainly gone for ever. Besides, the life is insufferable, and I will have it no longer, for my children shall, at any rate, not grow up to learn drunkenness from their father. The dreadful habit blinds you like a shroud of iron."

There was a sharp altercation, but the wretched husband had little heart for it; he keenly realized that the



The Social Farm, near Toronto.

game was up indeed, and that Milto would be too hot for him. With a desperate effort he made for the door. Turning round for a last glance at the old home, he caught sight of his little child, tired out, and sleeping peacefully on the chinless-covered settee. Rushing forward, and bursting into tears, he kissed her, and the next minute was lost in the darkness of the country road.

## III.—Through.

Amongst a crowd of dilapidated and miserable creatures, who were pressing their way into a London Shelter, stood Walter Slingsby. Sin and drunkenness had left clear and dreadful marks on his countenance. Evidently he had descended right into the very depths of the abyss. Hopeless and utterly wretched, he sank down in the near seat, the very picture of misery. But a change was at hand. As he sat, half-dreaming, in the Shelter meeting, the songs and testimonies recalled the memories of long ago, and the Spirit of God opened up a vista of hope. The opportunity was offered and accepted. The Salvation of Jesus Christ achieved another triumph, and Walter Slingsby, heart-broken and weeping bitterly, knelt at the penitent-form.

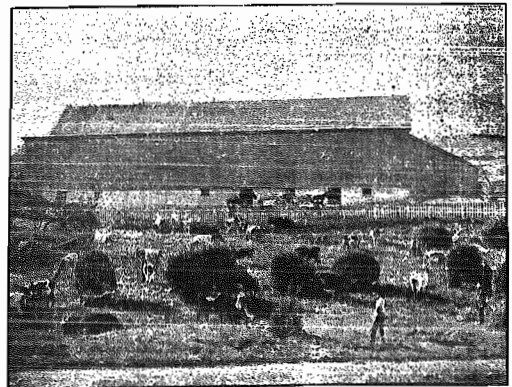
In another cottage, not at Milto, sat Bertha Slingsby and her children. She was thin and careworn, but on her face there was a settled expression of calm peace, which it had not known for many a day. Again little Maud looked out of the window, and said, "How long will it be before dada comes home?"

"Only a few minutes, darling, the train is in by now. Hark, there's someone coming down the street! Look, look, it's your dada, my darling, saved and coming home again!"

"Oh, God!" she cried, "that I should ever have doubted Thy goodness!"

They all ran to the door, and Walter Slingsby, erect and manly, putting his arms round them, knelt in the little passage and gave thanks to God.

Stick to the habit of referring all to Christ. How did he act, feel, think? So then must I feel, think and act.



The Cove of the Social Farm.

## LIVING WITNESSES

— TO —

## FULL SALVATION.

### WALTER SCOTT,

Of Guelph, Ont., Testifies that He has  
a Clean Heart.

I THANK God to-day from the depths of my inmost soul for the priceless blessing of a clean heart: a heart purged from sin, self and the devil, and all other kindred evils, by faith in the blood of the Lamb, and the sanctification of the Spirit, and controlled by a righteous principle, implanted in my soul by love and grace and power divine. Hallelujah!

I remember when my heart was like a cage of unclean birds, and was controlled by a principle that was born of the devil, and marred by the depravity of my own selfish nature; and I was full of impatience and nible-nagle; but when I submitted myself to the good government of Jesus Christ, and got sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the blessed Lord sanctified me from those evil propensities and attributes of the carnal mind, created within me a clean heart, and empowered me to overcome the infernal batteries of the pit, as a triumphant soldier of the Cross. To-day my soul is exulting in God my Saviour with a joy which is inexpressible and full of the glory of Heaven. Glory, Hallelujah!

Now, experience teaches that holiness is not the destruction of any of the faculties and powers of the human mind, but holiness rides them of their depravity, and brings us into the way of purity and righteousness; therefore, it is imperative that all the instinct and propensities of the human nature be rectified by the power of divine, and governed by the principle of holiness, for the Scripture emphatically declares, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

## HELPS FOR U.S. SERGEANTS

BEING

Notes on the Manual Lesson for Sunday  
September 12, 1894.

By W. RITCHIE.

THE RESURRECTION SCENE.  
St. John xxi, 11-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."—Verse 20.

Only a short time had gone by since the raising of Lazarus, as told in our last lesson, and in that short space of time Jesus has been to Jerusalem and back to Bethany several times, afterwards taken from the Garden of Gethsemane before Pilate, and to Mount Calvary, where He gave His life on the Cross for us. Joseph of Arimathea begged His body and placed it in a new rock-hewn tomb or sepulchre, at the mouth of which the Roman soldiers placed a huge stone, and all but the Roman sentry went to their homes to spend in quiet the Sabbath day.

Early on the morning of the first day of the week after the Sabbath had passed, some of the disciples and women came to anoint the body of Jesus with spices.

The men disciples, seeing the empty sepulchre, went home, but Mary stood without weeping. Verse 11. "As she wept she stooped down and looked." What a precious lesson to be learned from this Mary, in her sorrow, looked for Jesus, and she did not look in vain.

Verse 12. Saw two angels. If Mary had remembered the assurance that Jesus had told her, she would have known that He had risen; but, alas! how often we forget precious promises, and bring ourselves much needless sorrow. God's angels always come to cheer His people in hours of trouble.

Verse 13. "Weep not, ye women of the days of weeping, for Jesus is not dead now, but risen; then why weep? Rather rejoice that the powers of hell have yielded to Jesus."

Verse 14. "She knew not that it was Jesus." How often has unbelief and sorrow prevented us from seeing Jesus near us.

Verse 15. Mary did not even know His voice. Her unbelief never permitted her for a moment to suppose His alive. So in our own lives we often fail to recognize His voice and go on in our unbelief and sorrow, when He Himself has spoken to us.

Verse 16. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary." When Mary heard Him call her by name her unbelief gave place to joy, and she answered, "Master, art thou alive?"

Verse 17. "He saith unto her, Touch Me, and thou shalt know I am not a ghost." (Do not cling to Me), "but go to my brethren."

This was not a time to spend in adoration. The disciples were sorrowful and distressed, and their own unfaithfulness and lack of courage, especially would Peter be so after his cowardly denial of his Master—and tell them that the Saviour is risen and will ascend unto their Father and His Father—a blessed reminder of their kinship to Himself.

Verse 18. Mary Magdalene was the first preacher of the new Gospel. Her then thousands of both men and women have lived and died to publish the glad tidings. Are you a follower of Jesus? If so, do you tell to those around you the story of a risen Lord who wants to receive all who will come?

Verse 19. The disciples feared the Jews, who persecuted the Christians, and had cloistered themselves in a room. While there, Jesus came to them and said, "Peace be unto you." What beautiful words to these poor people, who were trembling with fear at the prospect of their lives. We may all take these words of Jesus to ourselves. He can give us peace of soul in the wildest tumult, confidence and trust when all other help fails. He is the Prince of Peace.

Verse 20. "Showed." To remove all doubt, Jesus showed His hands and side. God always reveals Himself to His people to drive away unbelief. Then were the disciples glad. All their past sorrows were forgotten. Jesus freely forgave all unfaithfulness and was with them again. Well might they be glad. One sight of Jesus will bring joy into any heart. One look in faith to Him will save the soul. Slacker, look and be glad!

Every man who knows God knows that a work has been done in his heart that only God could do.

It is not what men eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong; not what men read, but what they remember that makes them learn; not what we preach, but what we practice that makes us Christians. These are great but common truths, often forgotten by the glutton, the book-worm and the hypocrite.

## PILATE'S SACRIFICE

BY THE EDITOR.

(See Frontpiece).

**S**HAKESPEARE said: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; but if we pass it, or turn it, or lose it, we turn the back on fortune, or we are galled by her, or she laughs at us." It is true, or not, of men's temporal affairs, it quite believes it is so in respect to our spiritual interests.

## There Comes a Supreme Moment

In the history of every man, towards which all other moments are subsidiary, there is brought face to face the RIGHT and WRONG, when the representative of God, on the one hand, and Satan on the other, stands before him and he must needs make his choice. When, so to speak, his feet stand at the junction of two roads, and himself must choose which he will walk on, he is like the motorman on the trolley car at the junction of the tracks,

## His Own Hand

must turn the point which decides the course he will in future travel on. It was such a destiny-creating time as this for Pontius Pilate when he stood before himself face to face with the "Prophet of Nazareth," and devolving upon him the onerous responsibility of acquitting or condemning Him.

The scene is unparalleled in history. There stands Goodness, Mercy and Truth, yea, the very God of the universe, hidden under a lowly robe and blood tabernacle of that pale and exhausted man in bonds.

Before him is the representative of Roman power, the administrator of Roman justice, and with him his men of arms to assist him in giving effect to his will and will of others.

The third group, grown old in subtlety and cunning, wildly ecstaticating and literally thirsting for the blood of the friendless and prisoner, represents the whole Jewish people, Christ's own brethren according to the flesh.

Brief as is the account of Christ's trial before Pontius Pilate, it is easy to see what a momentous pressure was brought to bear upon Pilate. His mind became a battlefield. The few hours in which he figured as Judge that day became the Waterloo of the conflicting forces of good and evil which had been operating upon his mind in former years, and

## His will the Last Citadel,

the strategic key to the whole field. Upon that citadel Heaven and Hell kept their batteries playing.

It is not likely that Pilate was a weak man.

It is improbable that he would have been placed as the representative of Roman law and power among such a turbulent set of fanatics as were the Jews of Jerusalem had he been weak. It is likely he was a strong man, and a man who, to some extent, keeping up the traditions of Roman justice, being equal to all, would do justice in his administration up to a certain point; but he was a diplomatist, and he had to please the people, and keep at least some degree of popularity among them, but he had also to please his royal master at Rome, and hence to do justice in keeping the ends of the scale evenly balanced he would trim to the times and sacrifice principle for expediency; he would take that course of action which seemed the most profitable and easy at the moment, even though it was at the sacrifice of that pure and noble ideal, the existence of which, as a man, he was well aware of from the light shining within his own conscience, and which, as one acquainted with Roman law, he knew well enough should be the rule of his judicial actions.

And now for him the moment of destiny draws near. Jesus is brought from the Jewish Council to Pilate, accompanied by the priests and people and accusers. They declare their charges against Him. The Governor's reply to them all is Christ's accusation, "I FIND NO GUILT IN THIS MAN." BY HIS JUSTICE SPEAKS.

## That Trial Should Have Stopped

at once, and the guiltless prisoner had been released under the protection of the Roman power. But, like hungry wolves, who see their prey about to escape, the priests and people were fiercer at their murderous task. "He stirs up the people, teaching from Galilee," they say.

Pilate's wavering. The path of right lies clean and clear-cut before him, but there is this influence of the priests and people upon his hands. What shall he do? "THE RIGHT!" thunders the voice of an unslumbering conscience.

But what will be the consequences? He may have a rebellion of all Jerusalem; these Jews burst into flame like a city on fire, and they stand on matters concerning their religion. "Galilee" did they say? Ah! that is an easy way out, but it makes Jesus out to somebody else's shoulders. This man belongs to Herod's jurisdiction. Herod is in Jerusalem. To Herod he shall go.

But Herod, after a display of arrogant brutality, sends back the prisoner. He finds no fault with Jesus except that he stands in the majesty of his innocence and answers nothing.

Herod knows nothing of the justice of a Roman, so he makes Jesus the butt of ridicule for himself and his men of war.

Again Jesus is before Pilate. Pilate has taken one false step; he would fain recover himself, and he becomes in part advocate for the prisoner before him.

## Calling the Jews together,

Endeavoring to compromise, the matter, he again, as Judge, avows Christ's innocence, but he will also do something to appease the Jews. He will chastise this innocent man just to let him go.

Alas, how rapidly a man makes a fool of himself when he begins to tamper with the clear light of TRUTH shining within him! He knew what was right, and could have acted right at first, but he blatted with known duty when he sent Jesus to Herod now he wants to punish an innocent man to satisfy Jewish hatred, and yet hold himself clear of blood. He is showing his hand plain enough to those crafty priests, and does he think that the Jews have seen such evidence of the Governor's justice and will be satisfied with anything less than life? He ought to have known them better, but he who

## Trifles With Principle

soon becomes strangely blind to the steps before him, and which he might go lower down and nearer perdition.

But blind or no, Christ's enemies soon let him see that truth. Instead of being appeased, they clamour the louder against Jesus.

Again the Judge turns pleader, "Will ye as the Bible says, 'To release Jesus.'"

Oh, what thunderous blows at Pilate's conscience must there have been to induce a proud Roman of his rank thus to champion the cause of a poor and friendless prisoner. But the only answer from that pitiless mob—the Jewish aristocracy of wealth, learning, and religion—is the fanatical shriek, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Then again, the third time, the Governor pleads, there being added to

## The Storm Voice of Conscience

within the awful possibility of him condemning a God, for there is echoing in his ears and through the avenues of his soul, the words of Christ of those Jewish Jews: "By our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God, and blasphemeth." He is now not only as a matter of Right, but he is ATRAIT.

There is a combination of forces seeking to prevent him suffering this lonely man to die, is the unusual fact that his wife had sent him a messenger to the very same Pontius Pilate. But there is left one talismanic name to the Jews: they see how loath Pilate is to give up the prisoner, and he is plucked at the very throat of rage. Indeed, he is in the full scorching, blazing light of a wide-awake, and he is clear as if it were written in letters of fire across the wall of that judgment hall, he sees that if he condemns the prisoner before him he will be a murderer and answerable for his blood; then again from that perhaps most potent of all human motives, the influence of a man's actions, from his evidently a woman who loves him and yearns for his safety, has come that strange warning, then again, the thought: Is this man the Son of God? He is evidently a just man; his innocence is plain to all eyes; he is what he professes to be? Finally, he is to the last warning, the prisoner himself speaks to the Judge of his sin. (John xxi, 13).

Undoubtedly Pilate is convinced; undoubtedly he sees the right path and would act in keeping with that straight gate, and from thenceforth says the sacred writer, "Pilate sought to release him, but the Jews cried out, saying, 'Let him go, let him go, we will not take his batte-ry; they will im-press his very character to his master, they will take away his place and power, and crucify his life.'"

"If Thou let This Man Go Thou art not Caesar's Friend."

Farwell! Goodness, Mercy and Truth; and thou, Strange and Mysterious Being, farewell, for thou must die.

"If thou let this man go thou art not Caesar's friend," shriek the mob.

Pilate's decision is made.

The white robe of righteousness with which he might have adorned himself he cast aside; his will reverts from the current of holy inspiration by which it had been influenced in a Godward direction, like a magnet drawn by a stronger counter current of electricity. He will not risk his royal master's anger. At the sound of Caesar's name, he turns the lever and begins to move along the down grade. He has made the supreme choice, and it is for evil. He has sacrificed principle for expediency.

A deadly night settles down upon his spirit, and he knows there is BLOOD on his hands!

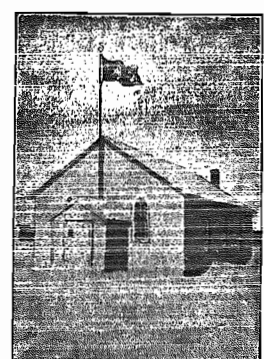
Pilate has been arraigned before the bar of his own conscience and in reply to the sentence of the Judge within him, which cries, "Guilty, Pilate, thou art guilty!" he turns toward the scared and frightened look of conscious guilt, and while the water drips from his hands, adds guilt to guilt as he exclaims, "I am innocent."

Then, to fool his conscience, and appear right when he is wrong, he turns hypocritical, and taking water, he washes his hands before the multitude. So blind is he now that the Angel of Light has fled, and the devil of inner sin has been sacrificed, he can stand before all Jerusalem, yea, before the whole world, the supreme actor in a supreme farce, and become a public liar, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

Reader, we blame Pilate, but, in the name of God, let us ask ourselves: Where are we?

Pilate, probably, did right as long as it looked like paying to do so. Are these not millionaires who do it? Pilate would have done right towards Jesus, but doing right at such a price as this was too much. Are we as true to righteous principle which it means loss of power, popularity or influence, as when it can be done without cost? The man who also in the fence in respect to the claims of Christ, who reports to the shiftless paths of expediency of standing boldly for Christ, is in the same condemnation as Pilate. Reader, in God's name, where do you stand?

## How the Army Fought A Financial Fight AT ODESSA.



ODESSA BARRACKS, E.O.P.

WHEN we started to collect for the Barracks, the people said, "You will never have a Barracks here, Captain!" Business men of the place were sure it was no use trying. We said we were going to stick at it. They asked, "Where is your money?" To this we replied, "In our pockets." They said, "We won't give it all we see the badly equipped, and likely to go through to completion." We said, "Will you give it then?" They said, "Yes, but it's no use you trying; we know this place too well. I said, 'We know God,' whereupon they submitted, saying, 'Go ahead, then.' We went.

Amongst those from whom we sought subscriptions were two men who for a long time refused to take their part, but when the dedication came

and we got them to the Banquet and Jubilee, they were so tickled with the sight of the new hall, which they declared was a credit to the place that they said, "We must have something in this!" then one put \$5 on the plate and the other put down a \$5 roll on carpet for the platform.



MAJOR SHARP, E.O.P.O.

The total cost of the building to erect and fit up was \$464.07. Towards this was given, in the form of labor and material, \$146.85, and \$231.11 in cash. The Soldiers took hold with one heart, inspired by the Holy Ghost. One Soldier, Sergeant Mrs. Sinder collected nearly \$50, and the rest did according to their ability; those who were able gave to the extent of \$5 and \$10 each. We secured gave a beautiful chandelier. We raised \$80.55 at the Banquet and Jubilee, and we had quite a revival. Soldiers fired up, souls saved, candid applications sent in, God glorified, Satan defeated; so you see that financial fight was no hindrance to the spiritual work, but a help, and blessing.—Captain J. Eldredge and Cadet W. Hlicks.

(A balance of nearly \$50 was left at the departure of these Officers from Odessa, but the amount was nearly covered by promises, etc.—Ed.)

PONTIUS PILATE: According to Eusebius, he was banished to Vienne, in Gaul, where various misfortunes caused him at last to commit suicide. The Chronicle of Malalas alleges, with less probability, that he was beheaded under Nero. Later legends, (see, for example, the Apocryphal Book of Papias, "Death of Pilate") has a good deal more to say: His unpopularity was anticipated by Caligula's sentence; the body was thrown into the Tiber, and there caused disastrous tempests and floods; his remains produced similar effects when cast into the sea; and finally he was to be consigned to a deep pool among the Alps.—Encyclopaedia Britannica.

## ST. JOHN'S I. TRAINING GARRISON A SICK WOMAN SAVED - SIX CADETS COMMISSIONED - SEVEN MORE ON THE WAY - FORTY-TWO AT 6 a.m. KNED-DRILL.

We are moving along at old No. 1. When the weather fine we have our Sunday afternoon meetings in an open field. One sister knelt at the drum stand Sunday and was saved. A sister, very ill of consumption, sent for us to pray with her. While she had her health she was often present in our Barracks to give God her heart, but she was not strong. Now she was dying, and wanted Christ. Mrs. Major McMillan went with me, and we made her more comfortable than she was before. After several visits, she found Christ. Oh, the joy of pointing sinners to Jesus!

We lately commissioned six Cadets as lieutenants, and expect seven more Cadets to come into training. Two have already arrived. Wednesday last being Regatta Day, we met at 6 a.m. to pray for God's blessing on our efforts, and forty-two comrades came along. Good meetings all day. Mrs. McMillan and family led the Jubilee at night. God is going to bless the Major and his family a great blessing here, we believe.—E. H. Allan, Ensign.

## LITTLE CURRENT.

Since our advent here, God has given us the privilege of seeing thirty-three sinners seek Salvation.—Cadet Dale for Captain Bowers.





RESCUE HOME AND SALVATION ARMY CORPS, HELENA, MONTANA.

## Famous Friends

The Rev. Henry Wilson.

THE REV. HENRY WILSON, D. D., late of St. George's Church, New York, is one of our oldest, truest and most devoted friends in the United States. His career as an Episcopalian is remarkable. After taking all his degrees at the Trinity College, Toronto, within the allotted time, for seventeen years he was curate of the Rectory of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, and while there got his D. D.-ship. The great religious awakening, brought about by the Army's work in Kingston, found in Dr. Wilson a sympathetic student. He attended its meetings, conversed with the Officers and converts, and, such was the effect that at an

### All-Night of Prayer

he publicly acknowledged his own spiritual indefiniteness and there climaxed by faith in Christ, a perfect deliverance from sin. He is, therefore, a clean-heart-convert of the Salvation Army. As has happened to many beside the doctor, this brought to him opprobrium. The bishop and the clergy ostracised him, and in the hope of "bringing him to his senses," sent him on rest! On his return home his bishop said, "Choose whom ye will serve—the Church or the Army."

Dr. Wilson is no Wobblor.

and so he found himself compelled to leave the scene of seventeen years' labor, and face a hard, critical, cynical "Christian" world. He went to New York, and for eight years was associated with Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's (Church of England). Right through this period he remained not merely warm in his affection toward the Army, but loyal to the principle of Christian friendship. He advanced the Army's interests by becoming an auxiliary, introduced its leaders to Christian society, and, through evil report and good report, withstood the attacks of its many enemies in bygone days.

### His Daughter a Captain.

His conduct inspired the heart of one of his children, who, gifted with quick discernment, perceived the weaknesses, failures, and inadequacy of the

Churches in their efforts to evangelize the lower orders of society. She attached herself, as a Soldier, to one of our hardest Corps, in New York, and is now a promising Field Officer in Great Britain.

### Opinion of the Army.

Dr. Wilson, who is at present laboring with the Rev. A. B. Simpson, New York, holds very sanguine views as to the progress and place of the Salvation Army in the world. That he is warmly attached to the General goes without saying, and his consistency wins for him the Doctor's warmest admiration. While talking with Commissioner Nicol, in New York, the Doctor said, "My love for the Army is unquenchable. I look at it as a whole; to study it in part, its principles are rocky. They support themselves. If you trust them they will uphold you. But there must be no compromising. They are too strong to be tampered with. They either make you or crush you."

"America didn't understand the Salvation Army till its work began to make it clear. Now it will have to understand its work by studying the principles in which that work has been accomplished, and, when America grasps the two, you will have one of the brightest and best Armies in the world here."

Although he wears a black coat, Dr. Wilson is not above walking arm-in-arm with converted roughs from the Bowery in New York. Such spirits are rare, but, like the salt of good savour, it is impossible to over-estimate their value in the earth.

## BRICKHILL POLL

In Coming.

Novelty is the storehouse of pleasure.—Ninon de Lenclos.

We never willingly offend where we sincerely love.—Rowland Hill.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Menenius.

It is not great, but little good-haps that make up happiness.—Richter.

One fault begets another: one crime renders another necessary.—Southey.

The virtuous man is great in his humility as kings are little in their grandeur.—Shelley.

## DOWN SOUTH.

Interesting Items about Colonel Holland's New Sphere of Labor.

COLONEL HOLLAND has received a very sensible letter from Adjutant Arthur Miles, of Atlanta City, now in charge of the few white Corps in the great tract of country to which he is appointed. The Adjutant says, amongst other things: "There are about 75 towns of ten thousand population and upwards that might be opened, and a number of these ought to have from three up to five Corps."

"The larger places are New Orleans, Key West, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, and so on. Atlanta, the present Headquarters of the District, has a population of 125,000, with a colored percentage of 25 or 40, which is about the ratio throughout the South."

"I think that the great trouble with the Northern white people who have come South to benefit the colored people is that they have come here with a measure of hostility to the white population, which seems to have been begotten by the current stories circulated in the North by the whites. Now, it seems to me that the South has been badly misrepresented in this, for I find that the Southern people are the ones which have the most patience with the colored people in every case where Officers go South, without entertaining prejudice against the whites, they 'get on.'"

"The climate is a beautiful one, and although it keeps very hot, yet there is not that oppression that we feel during the hot days and nights in the North. There was never a single stroke known in Atlanta, and but very few in the South. The atmosphere is open, and there is nearly always a gentle breeze. There are no difficulties but what can be overcome alright."

"White people who go and mix up with the colored people to work with them or preach for them are looked upon as a very low set, and are ostracized from society. However, I don't think it will be quite as bad with the Salvation Army, although the Officers who go into that work will have to make up their minds not to be recognized in this as they otherwise would be."

"The congregations will not mix—

I should say, the races will not mix. The only way they can be mixed is in a building, where the colored people can take the gallery. The white people have been very kind to the negroes in that they have built them churches, and good ones, too. There is but little of the colored man's money in the churches of the South."

In all, Colonel Holland will have a population of about 10,000,000 to work upon.

We presume our Commissioner is not likely to call for volunteers for the work to which he goes, or he might reckon on several hundred hands up for the South. Anyway, it is a magnificent opportunity, and we look forward with great expectation to the Colonel's work there.

## TIME CARD,

Black Valley Railroad, Great International Route.

NO STOP-OVER CHECKS—NO RETURN TRAINS.

Stations.	Time.
Leave Snake Hollow .....	7.00 a. m.
Soft Drink Junction .....	8.00 a. m.
Moderation Falls .....	9.00 a. m.
Tipperville .....	10.20 a. m.
Topersville .....	11.15 a. m.
Drunkards' Curve .....	11.30 a. m.
Rowdy Wood .....	11.45 a. m.
Quarrelville .....	Noon
One hour to abuse wife and children.	
Hummers' Roost .....	1.00 p. m.
Beggars' Town .....	1.00 p. m.
Deliriumville .....	5.00 p. m.
Battlesnake Swamp .....	8.00 p. m.
Prisonburg .....	10.00 p. m.
Devil's Gap .....	10.30 p. m.
Dark Valley .....	11.00 p. m.
Demons' Land .....	11.45 p. m.
Dead River and Perdition Midnight.	

A. L. COHOL, Agent; T. O. BACCO, Assistant; D. E. VIL, General Manager.

The above has been sent us by David Angus, of London.

The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not rising from duty, but finding rest in duty.

## ALL EYES THIS WAY.

# GREAT WAR CRY SELLING COMPETITION.

Commences September 19th.

\$84 <sup>42</sup> AWARDS OF MERIT. \$84

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!

See Next Cry.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

## THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and identification of the saved, together with the progress of the Salvation War in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

CIRCULATION 36,810.

### MORE PROPHETS' SCHOOLS.

Great extensions in the direction of the training of Officers for Field work are about to be inaugurated at centres throughout the Territory. We hail the news with delight. The power and influence which accompanies the holding of a Commission from the Salvation Army is in its smallest sphere a great responsibility, and in order that those who have delegated to them the great powers and responsibilities involved in the positions of chief leaders in the centres of Army activity on the Field may appreciate the high position in which they stand, it is really essential that they should pass through a thorough drilling in the practices of the Army, and get a grasp of the bed-rock principles which underlie all the Army's developments. The way to success—the way to win men and women from sin to righteousness, and what is equally important, RETAIN them in the ranks as soul-winners, is to work the Salvation Army, to be true to its principles and practices, but how is a man to do this if he knows next to nothing about them? Upon the Training Institutions will devolve the responsibility of seeing that the men and women who receive Commission and enter the Field know their business and appreciate the great responsibilities they are undertaking. We specially look forward to this move enabling us to keep what we get and conserve what we have, so as to build up a bigger permanent fighting force of men and women devoted to God's war, and the Salvation of souls in bondage.

### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE latest big International Demonstration in Britain has, we are glad to learn, been an abundant success, surpassing the expectations of the most sanguine outside the few who first planned it. The prospect was a bold and comprehensive one, viz., to hold, for ten days, an Exhibition of the Salvation Army in miniature. Referring to the event, the General thus speaks in the English War Cry:

"Accustomed, as I am, and have been for years gone by, to look upon the wonders of the Salvation Army and to feel by inward conviction how difficult it is to convey to the world about us a true idea of the remarkable things God has done and is still doing by us—My Latest People—I must confess that up to date I think this Exhibition,

taken altogether, has been, in my eyes, the most wonderful event in our history.

"And for what reason? I answer:

"1. The most wonderful—not merely for what it is in itself, although that is remarkable enough, but that such a stupendous show of men and manufacturers, trade and machinery, and I know not what, should have been planned and brought together, with all the innumerable detail connected therewith, in so short a time, and carried through up to date with such completeness, with so little fluster, and so much economy, is in itself a marvel.

"2. The most wonderful thing about this Exhibition is not the great impression it has made upon the hearts and minds of those who have been to witness it; not a grumbling sentence of disappointment, so far as I can hear, having been uttered.

"3. Neither is the mighty, marvelous, God-made, far-reaching work of which it is the expression—our Salvation work in all its branches throughout the world.

"But that of which my mind has been full all the time is the consciousness of the mighty possibilities of which it tells. I have been unable to see it in its present aspects except by the visions of the future which it has called up every turn.

"For instance:

"1. The Children! Oh, what a work these few days have revealed to my heart as possible for them.

"2. Then there is our work with the Civilized Nations only just touched, or not touched at all.

"3. The Beautiful People of Heathen Countries, with their teeming millions now submerged in gross darkness.

"4. The Social and the Rescue movements capable of indefinite extension.

"5. The Meetings! The Penitents! The accessibility for God and Salvation of the multitudes.

"6. And then! Oh, the Mighty Beyond! The Heavenly Country and the Blood-bought Multitudes there!

"Oh, to live! Oh, to live well!

"Oh, to fight for God and souls!

"Oh, to help forward this mighty, God-made Salvation Army!

"These are the longing appeals of my heart as I write these thoughts, and look upon the moving masses of my comrades at this Exhibition, all consecrated to the service of the Bleeding Lamb."

### RECOGNIZED BY ROYALTY.

The kindly message sent some time ago to the General by the Czar of the Russias, and the good-hearted wish of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, received at the recent Exhibition, are indications of the influence of the Salvation Army not only amongst the masses, but amongst the classes. The Army never goes hat in hand to wait on the great and mighty of this world. It can, therefore, the better appreciate any tokens of regard for it from the great men of the earth as having been won, not by sycophancy, but by real merit. To God be the glory that He has made this thirty-year-old organization which has come up through the mud and obscuring of public approbation to so illustrious a world that those on the steps to the throne of the mightiest Empire in history add their good wishes for its success. It remains for us to show ourselves, in an increasing manner, the kind of people—possessed-of-God—who win honor to His name because He is sanctified in us before the eyes of the world.

There are as many missionaries in London, England, as there among all the heathen.

## THE International Exhibition, LONDON, ENG.

A Veritable Wonderland Thousands Attend it—Hundreds Surrender to God.

The great International Exhibition, just concluded, was a glorious success. It is described as ten days in Wonderland. Tens of thousands of visitors, paying twelve and twenty-four cents per head admission, assembled during the twelve days, and about six hundred penitents professed repentance. The General and nearly all the top men of the Salvation Army, of both International and British Headquarters, were engaged in the Exhibition, the General himself conducting about twenty meetings, besides transacting his usual business. The Exhibition was literally an eye-opener to thousands. Says the British Cry:

"The Army first Exhibition is over, but it lives, and will live for many a day in the memory of the great majority of those who visited it, as far and away the most impressive and most wonderful spectacle that has been staged in the name of Religion in the nineteenth century."

"The universal opinion is that it was the ordinary Exhibition, testatorily, in the shade. Its attractiveness lay in the transparent reality of everything on show. The woman-criminal in the 'chilling' forbidding prison-cell was not an actress. She had done time. The giant, statuesque Zulu, with assegai, shield, skin, and feathers, shrieking his wild 'a-i' and spreading, all raptly, consternation and amusement wherever he went, was not hired for the purpose. He comes from the ranks of our raw native Soldiers in Zululand. The gift from the Arctic Circle, who wore the oil-skins and 'sou'-wester,' wore them as she had done many a time while rowing from post to post along the dangerous creeks and fjords of the far North."

The latest English Cry, which has been full of Exhibition matter, for some weeks, thrills with fascinating soil of what took place. We can only hope that the scene of the next Exhibition will be on this continent, so that, instead of merely getting a youth-worshipping description, we may actually taste the glories and blessings of the event.

### MAJOR AND MRS. GASKIN

At Riverside, Toronto—Soul-Saving Times.

MAJOR AND MRS. GASKIN conducted a rousing Salvation Campaign at Riverside on Sunday. Congregations were good, and two men volunteered out for Salvation. A woman also yielded to Christ, making three souls liberated in the night meeting. "Oh, I have got my soul blessed to-day," said the hallelujah trolley-car man. "I'm sure when I think of it to-morrow on the cars it will do me good."

## Arrows of Truth FROM THE General's Straight Talk At the International Exhibition.

THE paragonacy which the nineteenth century requires is personal testimony."

"The terrible nature of sin, if unchecked, would render earth one chaotic hell."

"There is no salvation from hell without salvation from sin."

"There are some here who have felt the beautiful, purifying power of the Blood. Some, asked what they've come to the Exhibition for, say they have come to see Jesus, to get restored into His family."

"Every sin is great. One single sin against so great a God is enough to cast a man into hell."

"The expectation of hell must be very awful. If there is anybody here awaiting for hell—wait for it no longer. The blood of Jesus this morning can cleanse from all sin."

"You uncertain people help to make the weakness of our efforts."

"It's only the good things you should conserve."

"There was a man to whom 'going down'—confessing sin—meant ten years' penal servitude. Better do that than drag out a wretched life and then go to hell."



Salvation at the Drumhead.

## His Royal Highness THE PRINCE OF WALES

AND THE  
International Exhibition.

A message having been sent to the Prince of Wales at Cowes from the Chief of the Staff, on behalf of the General, saluting his Royal Highness, in the name of ten thousand Salvationists gathered at the Exhibition now being held at the Agricultural Hall from all parts of that British Empire "over which it might please God to call his Royal Highness to reign," the Prince replied by telegram as follows, his message being publicly read amid loud cheers: "I sincerely thank you for your telegram, and the kind terms in which you express yourself towards me and the members of my family. I wish every success to your Exhibition."  
—ALBERT EDWARD.

### A Few Hitherto Unrecorded Prophecies.

Captain G. Smith, of Essex, says, "We are going to hit our target here by God's help."

Captains Broadbent and Perkins, of Portage La Prairie, in a recent despatch, states that they are not only aiming at reaching the "Harvest Festival Target," but at gathering in a harvest of souls. Send us word, Captain, how many you got saved at the Festival.

BURNS, of Mooseomin, writes, "Con-fident to hit Harvest Festival Target."

BROTHER McFARLAND, writing from Toronto, H., asks: "We are going to smash our Harvest Festival Target all to pieces. Some of the collectors have got more than they were asked to raise already."

CADET DALES, writing from Little Current, says: "We are sure God is going to help us reach our Harvest Festival Target."



HARVESTIDE ON THE SOCIAL FARM, Toronto.

# TO FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH,

Campaigning in East Ontario August  
31st to September 7th,

MAJOR SHARP, Prov. Sec.,

On Behalf of All Bonds Welcome  
Greetings.

Welcome, Beloved Leader.

THOUSAND welcomes, beloved Commissioner, to the East Ontario Province!

We are more than delighted that you have arranged to pay us a visit.

You will meet with a loyal, warm-hearted class of people as you travel through this Province.

We look upon you as a great leader, sent by God to lead His people on to victory.

We believe in you, we honor you, and we are glad to follow the Christ-like example of such a noble woman of God.

Our hearts are cheered at the thought that in a few days you will be in our midst.

We are praying for your success, and thoroughly believe you will be used of God for His glory and the Salvation of the people.

We have followed you as you travelled through the Western part of Ontario, and the great North-West, and we were cheered to realize the great work that tended your welcome meetings, and far more so at the large number who publicly sought Christ.

Our prayers for you have been even greater victories in this Province, and that many who are now on the road to hell may come and find Christ at your meetings here.

Shinner and Backslider, Come.

SINNER, we wish you to come and get saved.

The meeting is for you and the poor backsliders.

Make up your mind to start for Heaven at these special meetings.

Notice to the Public.

NOTICE the following dates and names of places where the Commissioner will visit, and see that nothing hinders you from getting there:

Kingston, Wednesday, September 4th; Napanee, Odessa, Sunbury, and Ganaraska, (en route to Brockville), Thursday, September 5th; Perth, Prescott, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Officers and Soldiers union; Perth Brass Band is arranging to come. Friends can come also; Ottawa, Friday, September 4th; Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, and Kenora, take part in the struggle for victory. Monday, Sunday, and Monday, September 6th and 7th; Huntington, Quebec, and all the Sherbrooke District Officers there. Great soul-saving times all day Sunday in Salvation Army Barracks. Every Officer and Soldier is urged to pray for God's blessing to rest upon the meetings. Come, prepare to work for souls, and full of faith for their Salvation. Miss Booth's meetings are purely and simply soul-saving meetings of the first quality.



PROMOTED-

LIEUTENANT SCARR, who came out of Drayton, February, 1888, last stationed at Barrie, promoted to Glory, August 17th, 1892.

CAPTAIN STANYON, to be Ensign.

LIEUTENANT ROSE, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS-

STAFF - CAPTAIN HARGRAVE, Chancellor East Ontario Province.

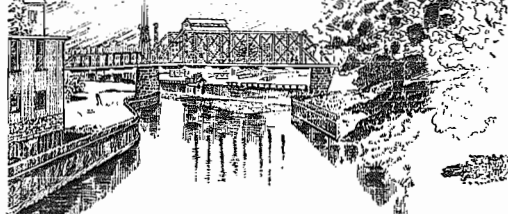
STAFF - CAPTAIN SOUTHALL, Chancellor Pacific Province.

ADJUTANT WATSON, Chancellor Central Ontario Province.

ENSIGN STANYON, Kingston District.

ENSIGN PUGH, Lindsay Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



THAMES RIVER AND BRIDGE, Chatham, Ont.

## WITH THE COMMISSIONER.

THE COMMISSIONER has, since her return from her great Western tour, been absolutely buried in work. Many urgent, imperial, territorial and some most vital matters have demanded her closest attention, and it is really a wonder to us all at the Centre how she manages to bear up against it all. But God is in her, and she has, like the great General, any amount of indomitable force and pluck. Hence her great perseverance against such odds. How thankful we are that she is our leader! She is a veritable inspiration to us all.

THE GREAT HARVEST FESTIVAL Scheme took up lots of her time and energy, and her heart be cheered by a huge and mighty financial return! Then letters upon letters have poured into her office, all needing careful thought and attention. From early morn till late at night, as busy as a bee, she leads the war!

IN THE FACE of all this, the Commissioner has snatched time to again visit the Industrial Farm, where she found things looking well, in spite of the lack of much-needed rain. Of course our leader is greatly interested in this place, for in it she sees the "way out" for many a poor, down-trodden and depressed fellow.

THE DAILY MAILS continue to bring her news of the after-blessings resulting from her recent Western Campaign. For instance, at Winnipeg almost every person under deep conviction in her Sunday night meeting at that city have signed knelt at the Cross and cried for mercy. This cheers our dear Commissioner's heart. Another man could not forget her sons about Heaven and the singing of this has led him to Christ. These are incidents of the War which cheer our leader's soul and give her increased strength for the battle.

ERE YOU READ these notes, the Commissioner will have just wound up a most desperate series of battles in the East Ontario Province, and Peterborough, Brockville, Belleville, Ottawa, Kingston and Montreal. Rejoicing in the train of blessing she has left behind in her onward march. Readers must remember, too, that when on these tours the Commissioner is literally swamped with work, and keeps her short-hand continually at the type-writer.

SELF-DENIAL is now looming up, and in the order of things, this will mean another huge baptism of work. There is the Hand-Rose to write, the different printed matter to choose and get ready for the Press. Therefore pray that the Commissioner may be helped and sustained in the ordering, decision, and carrying out of this project. It will mean lots of wise manipulation to top last year's record.

THEN THE EASTERN and Newfoundland Provinces are each clamoring for a welcome visit. Doubtless our spirited leader will not be too glad to strain and tax upon her, but she will "go through" at all costs and Easterners will give her a gigantic and beautiful welcome.

SO THAT she may thoroughly grasp and be in direct touch with each T. H. Q. Department, the Commissioner has recently made a Tour of Inspection from top to bottom of the Territorial Building. From office to office she went,

cheering and assisting here and there. Then she can often be found knelt in our midst at noon knee-drill, mingling her earnest prayers with the Headquarters Staff, that God will revive His work and bless His Army.

LET THE WHOLE field seek God's blessing upon our brave leader. F. S.

## BRICKHILL POLL IS COMING.

Salvation Army Making Wonderful Progress in Bermuda.

Most God-Glorifying Conversations - "Worst Drunkards" Saved.

Our work is growing, and I believe our influence is ever on the increase for good. Some people who at first thought we were not needed here, are beginning to appreciate our work, and I feel safe in saying we have more friends than enemies in Bermuda. Some of our comrades have been the worst characters in town. Brother Alfred Lodge says he was the worst man in Bermuda. He was a great drunkard; in fact, I never saw him sober, until he was saved. His wife and family have often been in want because of his wild life, and suffered ill-treatment as well. Of course it is the same old story, people thought nothing could ever be done with him, but the grace of God has made the change and now he and his wife are rejoicing in Christ. Then we have a woman who used to attend our meetings, always drunk, but she, too, is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and told me the other night that every day she feels lighter and so happy in the Lord. These are not the only ones; we have others who had much the same experience. Three of one of the policeman's families are on the platform. Then we have a saved printer, photographer, engineer, baker, mason, etc. They all love the Army, and seem anxious to do their best for God. We have more trouble with the young girls than with the men. I regret to say many of them are wild, and some have known nothing but sin all their lives, and need such lots of teaching as we can give them. The Lord is helping us, and I feel sure this is an improvement all round. I am told that there is very little swearing among the men who are employed to work on the wharves, and the rum-sellers are complaining because their incomes are reduced, one of the best of the week. The Magistrates and Police are just and kind to us, consequently we have all the power they can give us - Adjutant DeBrislay, Officer in Charge.

## BRICKHILL POLL IS COMING.

Mr. Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, Madam?" he replied, "Why, just as I intend to spend it now." Would you, reader?

No thought, no word, no act of man ever dies. They are as immortal as his own soul. He will be sure to find them written somewhere. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruits in part; somewhere in the future life he will meet their gatherers in harvest. It may, and it may not, be a pleasant one to look upon.

## New Training Centre FOR ONTARIO

To be Opened in Toronto.

WILL ACCOMMODATE NEARLY SIXTY CADETS.

THE ALTERATIONS, renovations, transformations, paintings and garnishings which have been taking place in the spacious Army edifice at Lippincott Street, Toronto, are now practically completed, and the premises ready for the admission of Cadets for training.

It may not be generally known that one of the first intentions came to by the Field Commissioner after arriving in the Territory, was to establish a big central Training Institution for both men and women.

For several reasons it was thought, that the big building at Lippincott Street, Toronto, was best adapted for the purpose, especially seeing that some years ago it had been used as a centre for Training operations, as well as a Headquarters of Salvation Army work in that part of Toronto.

The Chief Secretary was accordingly instructed to carry out the necessary alterations and improvements for the proper equipment of a Training Institution on the latest model.

The work was put through with all speed, and the result is highly creditable to those whose ingenuity has been exercised in utilizing the space at disposal in so effective a way.

The building is oblong; has a side on Ulster Street, and fronts on Lippincott. The store at the corner, with the rooms on the flat above, are rented to Mr. Freeman, butcher. Along Ulster Street are two double-door entrances, one to the Men's Wing, the other to the quarters of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Minnie.

Staff-Captain Minnie O'Connell.

With Mr. Freeman, the first and second stories. Above these are the apartments of the Officers on the Training Staff. They will spend the most of their time directly with the men in training; consequently on the same level with their rooms, and just across a passage-way are situated the various rooms and dormitories for the men Cadets, all very conveniently arranged.

To reach the women's side, entry is made by the front entrance on Lippincott Street, and up the two flights of stairs to the same level as the Men's Wing. Here a similar arrangement to that for the men has been carried out, the suite of rooms along the front being occupied by the women Officers on the Training Staff, and at the rear of these rooms a similar space to that accorded to the men Cadets is occupied with the various rooms needed for boarding, lodging, and training the women.

The whole place is well lighted, both naturally and artificially, and has a capital apparatus for supplying warmth in winter by steam.

The sanitary and bathing conveniences are all that could be desired.

All the routine incidental to the Home life can be carried on on the one flat, with the exception of a washing kitchen and for that purpose an excellent and modern arrangement exists in the basement.

The Institution will accommodate 28 men Cadets and 20 women.

Candidates from all over Ontario will be received.

JOHN COMPLIN.



## STORIES

OF THE

## INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

Of the Army in London, Eng.

## I.—THE MASHER.

He was a masher, and the guide concluded that probably he was an utter stranger to the work of the Salvation Army.

"May I show you round the Exhibition, Sir?" said the Guide, addressing the gentleman persuasively.

"Shall be 'accedingly obliged," replied the gent, lifting his silk hat and taking off his kid gloves.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to a grey-painted structure in the corner. "That is a jail, sir, where a meeting is now being held by ex-convicts, all won to God and Salvation through the instrumentality of what we call our Prison-Gate Home."

"A very good work—and this?" "That is our Cheap Food Depot, where the people can get a mug of coffee a big slice of bread and jam, and a cutting of corned beef—all for three-halfpence. In fact, we have farthing meals for the very poorest."

"Astounding! Who would have thought it! And this?" "Is an Indian village. In the background is the jungle, and these men and women are converted heathens—noble, intelligent, and consecrated Officers—better able to carry on the evangelization of the natives, I am told, than are Europeans."

"I should imagine so, too, friend—no difficulties about learning the language."

"And this," went on the guide, turning to the left, "is the first exhibit of our City Colony—a splendid suite of furniture, as you see."

"Made by?" "By the submerged in the second stage of their emancipation."

"What is the second stage?" "The Elevator—that is, after they have gone through our Shelters, they are transferred to workshops, wherever and in whatever way, where they are supplied with the means of earning their livelihood."

"Can you show me your Paper-Sorting Section?" asked the gent, his voice becoming solemn in tone. "Certainly—here it is. These men at work filling these bags were at one time—"

"You needn't go any further, Guide," interrupted the visitor, "I know all about it, myself have passed through the Paper-Sorting Elevator, and what I am to-day I owe to the Salvation Army."

Guide and Gent shook hands, and their eyes preached more powerfully than did their exchanges of blessings to the power of the General's Social Scheme.

## II.—TWO EX-OFFICERS.

Two young men were conversing friendly together—though strangers to each other—at one of the stalls, united in their testimony as to the wonderful completeness and beauty of the Exhibition, as an Exhibition.

"When I think it can almost do anything," one of the two observed. "I believe you, and the remarkable thing is that they do it so quick, and at such little cost."

"You know something about the Army, then?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say I do,—or, rather, I'm sorry and glad."

"How?"

"Well, you are a stranger to me, sir, but I don't mind telling you: in fact, I feel as I ought to preach it from the gallery—that for the last two hours, I have talked about these fellows. I have inwardly been crying all the time. The songs, the music, the happy faces, and the sight of that grand man—the General, bless him!—have brought forth tears, and I've almost wished that I had never been born, or, born, never had known the Salvation Army."

"How? how, man? Explain yourself: I don't understand you!"

"No, you don't understand—may you never do so!—the truth is that I was once an Officer in this glorious Salvation Army, with prospects that any young man might have; but I had a disagreement with a D. O., flew into a passion, and left it: That is ten years ago, sir, and I have not had an hour's rest in my conscience since. Now can you understand me?"

The other young man was almost speechless. "You understand me?" repeated the Ex-Officer. "I can—for I am also an ex-Officer—God help us!"

Then God, the first young man attended a meeting later in the day and came back, in the deepest penitence, to the Lord.

We may not be able to speak great words, but we can speak kind and true words: we may not be able to do great deeds, but we can do helpful and



KALISPELL (Mont.) CORPS.

## Personals

MAJOR and Mrs. STREETON landed in New York right amidst all the great heat wave, but have survived.

MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS says she misses her Toronto Comrades much, but she wouldn't like to leave the glorious West even for their company. Too bad to talk like that.

THE latest Musical Troupe consists of Major Howell, Adjutant Watson, Captain Fletcher, Captain Griffiths, Ensign Attwell, and Captain Fisher. Look out for report of their doings.

DAD and MOTHER FLORENCE, known to almost every Officer in the Territory, keep a general store at the corner of Terauley and Louisa Streets, Toronto. They sell Army Tea, and any number of other things. Give them a call when you are in Toronto.

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR MORRIS has become a proficient stenographer and typist.

MRS. NAYLOR, a Congregationalist, has been employed at the Territorial Headquarters as stenographer and typist for about two years.

COLONEL HOLLAND's new baby is to be called Evangeline, after the Field Commissioner.

MAJOR GASKIN, the new General Secretary, has made himself thoroughly one with his Comrades, and consequently feels as if he had been here for years.

ENSIGN FRANK MORRIS has added the art of Photography to his other accomplishments.

CAPTAIN TURPIN has a desk in the General Secretary's Office.

MRS. HOWELL and Mrs. Watson have been lending in Victoria Park.

ENSLON PUGH's baby has been with Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave since about two weeks after its birth. Mrs. Hargrave has acted the part of a true mother to the little one.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS paid a visit to Headquarters, and also inspected the Social Farm.

MR. P. E. FLEURY, the Manager of the Tailoring Department, Headquarters, does quite a bit of work for military men.

MR. MUIRHEAD, the Army's cicher, has been away for his summer holidays. Officers who have sent in photographs for reproduction in the War Cry, will take note, and excuse us for not bringing out their pictures earlier.

Rev. Thomas Eberton, an old friend of the Salvation Army at Galt, gave a farewell address at the Barracks recently before proceeding to his home in the U. S. A.

## FROM THE ARMY PRESS.

COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT has published a well-gotten-up history of the Army's work in the Netherlands, '91-'95. The book has 101 pages, and a tasteful cover in several shades of buff color and gold. Splendid progress was made in Holland during the administration of Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant.



phat (the latter is Mrs. Commandant Booth's sister) especially in the Social work which has the sympathy and support of the people from the Queen down. Like the Commandant, we have formed a high opinion of the Dutch people, and we rejoice at the story of their Salvation triumphs.

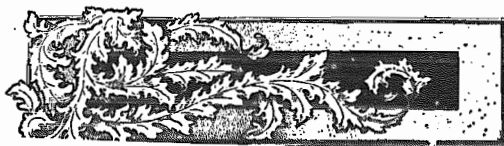
God values a gift according to the cheerfulness with which it is tendered.



THE Ambulance Corps of the Manchester Province Juniors is unsurpassed in Great Britain.—COMMISSIONER OUGHTERLON is on a tour around the North Cape to the Russian border. Souls are being saved in every meeting.—ADJUTANT POWLEY, recently of the Scottish Provincial Headquarters, has been called to the post of Secretary to Commissioner Combs.—AN American theological student sent to Brigadier Lamb a note of thanks for assistance received several years ago through the Social Wing.—AN awful fire has swept a big portion of Christiania. The Salvation Army has suffered but very slightly, and its Shelter has had a most marvellous escape.—STAFF-CAPTAIN HEATHIER has been transferred from the Home Office to take charge of an important section of the Secretariat Department, which assists the Chief-of-Staff.—NORWEGIAN Social work flourishes. The Christiania Rescue Home has been open only a few months, but already it is taking in sewing from shops, and sending girls to service.—COMTANT AND MRS. SWANT DASPEN, singular-born Officers, have died at their post in Maharrati County. Cholera carried off the Adjutant, his wife and their adopted son, all within twenty-four hours.—WITHIN six weeks a large Women's Shelter will be opened in Copenhagen. The same city boasts a splendid new building for its enlarged Rescue Home, and in connection with the same a laundry is being started.—THE GENERAL proposes to spend a couple of weeks during September in Switzerland. He will not be "on holiday" or "recruiting his strength," but he will be conducting arduous Salvation Campaigns in the various Swiss cities.—A PHONOGRAPH tour is pronounced by Brigadier Noyce, of Ireland, to be a fine method of drawing crowds and for injecting the Gospel into multitudes of folks who ordinarily would not give the Salvation Army a second look.

As sure as ever God puts His children in a furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.

Oh, if I had kept my vows! Is the silent will of many a ruined and unhappy life. Will it ever be read?





# Hygienic Hints.

## From Rules and Regulations for Field Officers.

### BY THE GENERAL.

**H**is rule, the most substantial meals should be taken early in the day.

Two good meals, or at most three, are all that grown-up people require. Suppers, as a rule, are bad; but when Officers take an early tea, especially when a good deal of work is done

afterwards, some light refreshment will be needed before going to bed; in which case, a little hot milk poured over a little bread is handy, and will be found nourishing, soothing, agreeable to the palate, and favorable to sleep."

Perhaps there is no greater delusion with regard to eating and drinking, than that which supposes a large amount of food to be essential to health.

With most Officers, a heavy meal taken immediately before a meeting is bad for comfort in speaking, making the speaker heavy and torpid, and so interfering with the free working of the mind. It is bad also for the throat, indeed, bad altogether.

There is little doubt that over-feeding and unwholesome food have much to do with that form of throat disease which is known as "the parson's sore throat" than all other causes put together.

Moderation in eating and drinking, and occasional abstinence from food altogether are good for health, help to digestion, and will prove, very often, to be conditions of spiritual communion. The point to guard against is connected by the Lord Jesus not only with prayer, but with fasting. "This kind," the Saviour said, "can only be put out by prayer and fasting."

As far as possible, food should be taken at regular hours. Of course, war will often mean the upsetting of all ordinary rules and regulations, especially such as refer to eating and drinking.

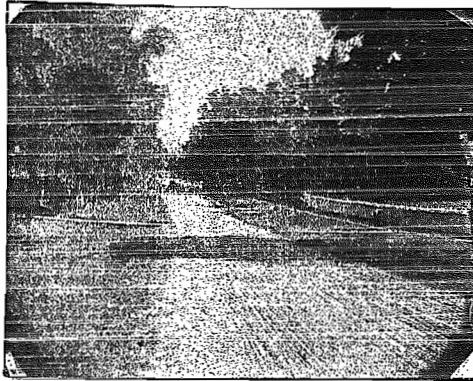
The planter the food to which officers accustom themselves, the less trouble there will be, not only in preparing it regularly, but in getting it at all.

The Field Officer should be continually aiming at the greatest simplicity in life, reducing his daily wants to the smallest number consistent with health, and so making himself more and more independent of men and earthly things.

### FOUR CRIPPLES ON CRUTCHES.

**TWO LASSIE OFFICERS WALK TWENTY-ONE MILES — READ THIS SECOND ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.**

**OLD PERILIAN, Nfld.**—After being to Council at Harbor Grace, where we were blessed and inspired by God, we received orders for Old Perilian, being instructed by the Ensign to go as far as Western Bay, and then on to the meetings on Saturday and Sunday. Western Bay being a new opening, we thought we should find everything booming; but on our arrival we found the quarters had been taken. After standing in the street for some time, an uninvited woman invited us into her house, where she made us very welcome. We had not been there long when we received word that the Barracks had been taken also. There we were: strangers in a strange place, but God was with us, and when meeting for one came, we started out for an open-air meeting. We soon gathered a crowd, and God richly blessed us. We had open-air all day on Sunday, with one soul at night. Monday and Tuesday we visited Adams Cove and Black Head, two outposts from Western Bay. On Tuesday, after visiting all day, we came back to Adams Cove for an open-air meeting. The people are very anxious for the Army to be here. Four cripples that had not been out for some time got their crutches mended so that they could go to the meeting. After the meeting we went back to Western Bay, and next morning we started for Old Perilian, and after walking for twenty-one miles, we reached the quarters, praising God that we are here, and going on to do all that we can to pull down the Devil's Kingdom. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Lieutenant A. Taylor, for Captain J. Bagg.



LIBERTY STREET, Bowmanville.

### A BIBLE MENAGERIE—WHAT NEXT?

**PETERBORO.**—Last Thursday night's meeting was good: it was called a "Bible Menagerie." On Saturday night, our long-looked-for Cadet arrived. (We welcome you to Peterboro, God bless you!) Good number knee-drilled Sunday morning. At the free-and-easy in the afternoon, Sergeant-Major Spenceley got quite young again, and stepped around quite lively. When he got through he said, "That's a good cue for rheumatism." The Spirit of the Lord was near us in the evening meeting, and a wanderer returned to Jesus—Regular Correspondent "Lily Lina."

(Note.—What was the "Bible Menagerie" meeting like Sergeant Jack? And what do you call a "good number"?)

### DUNDAS IS BOOMING.

Quite a ripple of excitement passed over this town when the Hamilton Brass Band, and the Commanders of Hamilton I. and II. under command of Adjutant Lowry, detained and formed up on the main street. Their objective point being the Ice-Cream Social then being held by the Barracks by the Dundas Braves. On reaching the Barracks, they found Lieutenant Pallet, with everything in apple order. One or two rousing choruses went with a swing that reminded us of the olden times. Then came solo, duets, and selections galore. About one hundred turned their attention to the ice-cream and cake. By the way, Lieutenant Pallet is making things boom in this place. God has given us two or three beautiful cases of conversion, and the Lieutenant has paid off the debt standing against the Corps, with some cash to the good, and she says if she don't get her Harvest Festival Target, she'll want to know the reason why.—A. Q. T. R.

### BEOOELEN-WHITEY.

The Ice-Cream Social was well attended. Our debt is growing, I am glad to say, smaller. We are expecting to reach our Harvest Festival Target, in spite of the difficulties of this place. The late earthquake did not have the desired effect, from a Salvationist's standpoint. I think the Lord will have to give Whitley quite a shake before we get a revival. Lord, let it come, is the

prayer of Captain Huxtable and Lieutenant Nelson, in charge of Whitley Circle.

### QUEBEC.

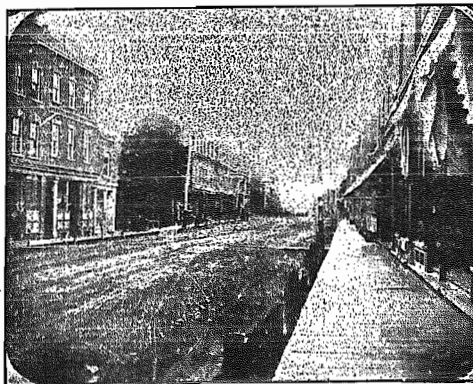
Adjutant Robert, our esteemed French Officer at Montreal, visited Quebec. She breakfasted at the Shelter, killed at Mr. Phoeffer's, an Auxiliary member, and conducted a good meeting at night. Next evening the Adjutant addressed the Baptist Mission, and at 8 p.m. she was on the bridge at the Barracks again. All the meetings were full of interest. The Baptist Minister declared to me "Those meetings will do a lot of good." Collections were taken in each place for the Army's benefit. The people responded very liberally, and were delighted with the services. We look forward to a great revival in Quebec. There are prospects for opening a Rescue Work and Wood-Yard in Quebec also.—T. A. Magee.

### GUELPE.

Well-defeating and God-justifying times. There is unmistakable evidence that the King of Heaven is in our Camp, manifesting Himself in the Salvation of sinners. Two more victims of misplaced confidence came to that terrible thing called the penitential-form last Sunday night, and sought deliverance from the power of the Devil and bad habits. The blessed Lord looked them and let them go, put a new song in their mouths, even praises unto God. Hallelujah!—Walter Scott.

### LEAMINGTON.

God has been blessing our efforts in this place, and while we have been saying goodbye to the people for previous sinners said goodbye to sin and started for Heaven. On Tuesday night, when Cadet and I came home from a meeting, we found, to our surprise, that forty people had taken a season of our quarters, and prepared a grand farewell tea. God bless them, and may the unweary of Leamington be brought to Christ.—Captain L. Haley and Cadet Burrows.



KING STREET, Bowmanville.

### D. O. GALE QUITS GRAND FORKS TO FIGHT AT FARGO.

**FARGO, N. D.**—Here we are again. After twelve months fighting with the Grand Forks "Reliables," orders came to leave, (not by any means the remembrance of the kindness of the friends and soldiers, which I shall never forget, and I will try, by living true to God and the Army to prove worthy of the trust and confidence placed in me.)

I go to my next appointment, trusting in the living God. "Victory" is my motto, and by the help of Captains BATEY, WESTACOTT, HOCKIN, LIEUTENANTS ELLIOTT, GREENFIELD, GLOVER, TRACY, PRIOR, LIVINGSTON, and CADET KENNIR (most of the Lieutenants have been with me at the Training Garrison) we shall have victory. Now then, all hands at it, please, and let's get a "pull on." Harvest Festival proved what we can do to a small degree. Now, boys, pray, fight, work hard. Hallelujah! I have not been out of work for twelve years, since I became an Officer, nor will you. God bless you all, fighting in the Army.—J. S. Gale, District Officer.

### TORONTO III. (Lagar St.)

We had heavenly meetings on Sunday, all day, especially in the Grove, where we were led on by Cadet White.—S. McFarland.

## INTERESTING ITEMS WORTH REPEATING.

### A Happy Home Defined.

**S**IX things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and truthness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by Affection, and lightened up with Cheerfulness. It must be kept in order by industry, renewed the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy which shall give it all the blessing of God.—Rev. Dr. Hamilton.

### Our Life a Sormen.

OUR birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull and some are bright. Then come references and applications. At seventy years we say, "Fiftieth and lastly." The doxology is sung. The benediction is pronounced. "The book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church door, nothing more will suit except the blessing of God.—Talmae.

### Christian Living.

A TRUE Christian in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water that will save it, but the way it is being set into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful is the mariner to guard against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink, and cut out at last. So the Christian must watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart.

### Authority of Parents.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that what will make a child stare or tremble impresses more authority. The violent emphasis, the hard, stormy voice, the menacing and threatening authority. Is it not well understood, that a bawling and violent teamster has no real government of his team? Is it not practically seen that a skillful commander of one of those huge floating cities, moved by steam on our American waters, manages and works every motion by the waving of his hands, or by signs that pass in silence, and no order at all, save in the gentlest undertone of voice? So when there is, or is to be, a real order in the house, it will come of no hard and boisterous, or fretful way of commanding. Gentleness will speak the word of firmness, and firmness will be clothed with that of true gentleness.—Horace Bushnell, D. D.

We ought to rejoice that the Holy Spirit often produces in our hearts a sort of discontent, which aims us up to seek for nobler character.

# THE EASTERN PROPHET

Predicteth Great Things Concerning the People of the East.

Thump, bolt, jolt, jerk, up-and-down: swayed first one way, then another. Full stop; then on again. Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that attempt writing. One may try to make a "W," and find his instrument all over the shop. Still,

"Never Mind, Go on."

Such is my position. I'm journeying to Woodstock. Am anxious to catch War Cry with a few notes. Quite a job. Hope "Comps" will be able to get through without the aid of the X Rays, etc. God bless them with every ounce of patience they require, not forgetting the worthy Editor and Sub.

## Targots.

These are out—D. O.'s and F. O.'s are making on to history. Success will come this year. I dare to believe! If faith and works will do anything, we shall not be far from the top. If ELDER and Glory-blessed God, Salvation-Army men, enthusiastic blood and fire, red-hot warriors will do anything, we shall not take a back seat by any means. God bless the East!

## Another Psalm.

No, not this time. Wait! We will see what the future will bring forth. By-the-by, do you also Psalmist? Do you sing at all? Oh, for some good, hearty singing! If you don't sing Psalms, sing some good songs out of

## The War Cry. Amen!

MRS. MAJOR JEWELL writes hopefully for the Windsor District. From all I can gather, the Comrades here are going to make a good fight. It goes without saying they will do their target. This is a foregone conclusion! Look out, other places! Watch your p's and q's or you may be required to play second fiddle to Windsor. To arms, my Comrades

## St. John.

Yes, it is here we live. It is here Adjutant Allenhed resides, and leads on the forces of the mighty Army. Oh, for more FORCE!! FORCE!!

What force there must be in hell! What plans conceived for the overthrow of God's work and workers. What Hell and Devils will do to drag down God's Kingdom! Oh, for a Holy Force, a grand bodyguard of arch-Devils to resist the Devil, and snatch souls from his grasp.

The worthy District Officer intends to fight; to go on! The Harvest Festival is already under way. Officers are sanguine of success. This is the highest target in the Province. Halifax comes next.

## \$353 the One, and \$254 the Other.

GOOD-BYE, HALIFAX! No reaction, dear Creighton, Officers, Bandmen and Soldiers. No, no, I would not hurt thy feelings for a farthing. Still, I must raise one of you. Where wilt thou appear? We all know Creighton! His battles stand out before us. His labor, for years, and now. We shall see what we shall see." (Consult, New York).

## Hurrah, Halifaxians!

NOTE. Let St. John watch. Remember his is after thee, and make sure thy crown and glory.

## Oh Yes, There's Yarmouth.

We must not forget this place and its leader. Comrade Comrade surrounded by a good crowd of Salvationists, they will not take a back seat by any means. The Officers will go to battle well-armed. They will not be in the rear, nor will they bear River, nor forgetting Clark's Harbor and Prescott. I wonder will they lead the crowd? What does Captain Larder, of Clark's Harbor, say, Eh?

## What, Indeed!

OH, YES, I KNOW! No, I had not forgotten. In all my calculations I had overlooked that indefatigable Soldier, Adjutant McMillan. What he will do we shall see. Under his able leadership I am sure the New Glasgow Comrades will be led on the District!

What shall I say more? Here in Spring Hill, Comrades, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, St. John, and last, but not least, Bermuda. We must remember that Mrs. McMillan stands by his side now. That counts for a good deal!

"One of You Shall Chase, and Two, etc."

What with such a good crowd of redeemed slaves, blood-washed warriors, we may expect to see a good record this year. God bless these Comrades through and through the District!

What shall I say more? Here in Spring Hill, Comrades, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, St. John, and last, but not least, Bermuda. We must remember that Mrs. McMillan stands by his side now. That counts for a good deal!

Have we not done well? Through Jesus have we not conquered? Through Christ have we not been able to rejoice over victories won, and grand accomplishments achieved?

Ah, yes! And to Him, and Him alone, we give all the glory.

Hallelujah! Now, my esteemed Comrades, to Victory! to Glory! To Success! To come off with flying colors to shout Hallelujah!

Together once more? Shall it be so? Of course it will!

As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be—

Amen! Here is a closing text for you:

I can do all things.—How?

THROUGH Christ which strengthens ME!

So can YOU!

## FARGO, N.D.

Since our arrival in Fargo, we have seen nine souls out for Salvation and one for Sanctification. Praise God! Adjutant Pease was with us two nights and gave us a good lift. She did the Salvation Army a good turn in Fargo. Captain Habkirk and his sister helped in the fight two days last week—Lieutenant Thomas Livingstone.

strange, but he declared to one of the officers God had saved him. This is the place where Adjutant Creighton placed a large box on the front street bearing the announcement, "A real man will talk on this box to-night." The announcement brought a large crowd to the open-air meeting, and a young lad, thinking to have some fun, fixed himself under the box; but the joke fell the other way. The crowd, however, was not deterred, and to the amusement of the crowd, kept him a prisoner for some time. At our Found Meeting on Saturday night, a clothes-basket full of all kinds of groceries was donated us. The basket was brought on the platform, and Mrs. Miller gave quite an address, taking for her subject the many different articles in the basket, speaking of their good qualities and so on, and bringing a good spiritual point out of each.

## We Opened Fire on Lewisville

on Monday night, by means of an open-air meeting. A big crowd assembled, gave a good collection and invited us to come again. Captain Day, of Moncton, better known as the "War Cry Tramp," has 75 regular War Cry consumers, and like a wise man, he makes sure they get their War Cry early each week. He also takes care that the other War Cry Boomers are not found napping.

## Sackville

is the town of colleges. Captain Taylor



ADJT. SAMMY BLACKBURN, one of our Noted Harvest Festival Boomers, but we protest against him dressing in this Artie costume in midsummer, and giving people abroad the impression that ours is a cold country.

## MONCTON DISTRICT.

### The War Cry Tramp.

Mrs. Miller and I feel right at home among our new Comrades here. We shall go in with might and main, hewing to the line, and crying out against sin. Already some persons have found Salvation.

### Pembroke.

Outpost from Sussex; is a small village; but has a big-hearted lot of people. At our welcome meeting, three persons raised their hands for prayer, and a very fashionable lady from Boston confessed that pride was her great draw-back. She pointed by the grace of God to live a Christ life. \$213 for the special collection inside was not so bad, considering there was an admission price at the door also, and us for the War Cry, they grabbed for them like flies for manure. On the following Tuesday we conducted a special meeting at

### Sussex.

In which a man came forward to the front, but soon rose up and went

has a proper Blood and Fire Corps. Captain Lamoine and Lieutenant Willer had sinners paved nearly every week since they took charge. At our first meeting in Amherst, two sinners were saved, and eight recruits enrolled as Soldiers. Yours for the War, Glendon Miller, D. O.

### Amherst, N.S.

## OLD CANS AT COATICOOK.

We have just had a visit from our District Officer, Adjutant Blackburn, for a week-end. Saturday night we had a good meeting in the open-air. The Devil was mad, and some old cans were thrown at the Adjutant's head, but they missed their mark. Sunday afternoon we had a grand meeting in the grove; a good crowd; first-class attention, and over three dollars' collection. Harvest Festival is all the go now, and we are bound to get there.



We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women of children, and persons in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

IF POSSIBLE, send 50 cents to defray a part of expenses.

177. HOWEY, ROBERT and ALEXANDER. Young men, went to North West from Toronto. Last heard of at Red Deer, Alberta, two years ago. Robert is of dark complexion. Alexander of light complexion.

178. CAMBELL, AMOS J. Age 27; dark complexion, brown hair, a native of Collingwood, Ont. Heard from at Deception, N. B., two years ago. His news will be thankfully received. His mother enquires.

179. LONG, GEORGE. Canadian; at one time a temperance lecturer. Address, Ensign A. Long, 1129 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

180. MAYNARD, GEORGE and JAMES. Left England in 1882. George was heard from in Brompton, E. G., in 1888. He is 22 years of age, very dark, inclined to be short. James is about 22 years of age and very fair. Their sister asks for them.

181. MOORE, FREDERICK. Age 31; tall and dark. May have taken the name of Turpin. Left home in Stroud, Gloucestershire, England, three years ago. Was a hair-dresser by occupation. May have come to America. If heard of kindly write at once.

182. BUCK, WILLIAM ROBERT. Age 24; went to Dr. Barnard's Home about eight years ago, from there he went to the United States, and now lives in Ontario. His sister Florence is anxious for news.

183. CHADWICK, HARRY. Age 32; dark blue eyes; brown hair and mustache; height about 5 ft. 7 in. Left Manchester, England, about 1881. Has not heard of since. Believed to have gone abroad, or may be a sailor, perhaps under an assumed name.

184. BAILEY, WILLIAM. Age about 30; medium height, grey eyes; wears glasses to his eyes. Left home in Stamford Hill, London, on June 6th, 1881. He may have gone abroad. If he will write to his sister, which will be a great relief to her.

185. SKELTON, JOHN HAMBER. Born March 20th, 1851, at Great Britain. Last heard from 23 years ago. When the letter was posted at Newcastle. He is supposed to be in the United States. United States: Cry please cry.

186. PATTINGER, MRS. WILLIAM. nee Caroline Griffiths. Last heard from nine years ago at Montreal, Canada, where she kept a restaurant. Sister enquires.

187. STRONG, MISS WINNIFRED. of New Brunswick. Some months ago was in training in Halifax Hospital for nurses. Left to take course of medicine in New York. Will she kindly send her address to Mrs. Major Read, Women's Social Secretary, Temple, Toronto, Ont.

188. CASTLE, WILLIAM. Came to Canada from England nearly 40 years ago. Heirs are wanted for his estate, consisting of real and personal property and cash. English Cry please cry.

189. COLE, ALFRED ISAAC. Will any one knowing his whereabouts please write us at once.

190. RABINE, Dr. J. who adopted his baby boy to a family named Pecker, of Newport, Vt., over twenty years ago. He was born in Canada, near St. John's, Quebec, and left for Manchester, N. H. From there he wrote Mr. Pecker, and he was given to him. Which was the last heard of him. Some time ago young Rabine heard that his mother was alive and was persuaded him to reveal himself. It was rumored that he had been in the United States. Any information as to the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Rabine will be gratefully received.

## A VERY SPIRIT REPORT.

PARIS.—Here we are again, as noisy as before, although they try to stop us. Mr. McLeod has taken the reins here on Friday gave them a proper welcome. Soldiers from night. Adjutant Dowell and Mrs. Brantford assisted. The Devil got playing black jokes on the faces of the soldiers. In one of his dupes, but he soon found out he was in the wrong. He saw himself vent in his facilities. He saw himself passing through the doorway, whether he was a soldier or a civilian. The soldiers should take warning from their fun where they were. We had a proper time, and with the Officers we were busy long for great victories, and we were busy, my God, but Captain and Mrs. McLeod, in their efforts here to push the Lord in their hearts, have been a great chariot alone. Yours to win—W. M. Lauchlin, Regular Correspondent.



